

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The young man waited no longer; but, buttoning his coat up to the chin, he hurried the carriage door open, and springing out, rushed to the horses and seized them by the bit.

"Give them their head!" he shouted to the driver, at the same time forcing them gently forward, while, with his left hand, he patted them kindly on the neck.

The driver loosed the reins, and, now that they had someone to give them confidence, the animals bent their necks obediently, and drew the carriage out into the middle of the road. The young man stopped them at a word, and clambering up alongside the driver, took the reins.

He paused.

"We must get away from here, go where we may!" he muttered, more as if speaking with himself. "The clouds are near, and the trees are tall! And so you are lost, are you, my man?" he asked, turning suddenly to the driver.

"Yes, sir; you see, sir, there is a cross-road out there," and he pointed tremblingly in the gloom ahead of him. "I don't know where it leads to, and, sir, you see, sir, this is my second trip from the station to the village. I'm a new hand, sir."

"Ah! Well, let me see! As I said, we must get away from this wood, or the next thing, we won't know what struck us!" and he smiled grimly, as at that moment, as if to enforce this opinion of his, another crash of thunder awoke the echoes around them, in the lonely road.

"Yes," continued the young man, "we'll go straight on, and not take the crossway. And, my good fellow, as you are suddenly taken with a chill, I will drive."

So saying, he spoke to the horses, touched them lightly with the whip, and the carriage moved on.

Their progress was slow; now they were on fine ground, and now floundering in one of the deep gullies, down which the waters were madly roaring. And then the poor horses would start violently to one side, as, again and again, the lightning flamed into their eyes. But the young man, who held the reins in a firm grasp, kept his eyes bent steadily before him, and made the horses stick to their work. He heeded not the glare of the lightning, nor the peal of the thunder; he cared not for the down-pouring rain, and the impenetrable gloom of the night around him; he gently urged the horses onward.

Gradually they made progress; the trees on either side grew more sparse; by degrees there was a lifting of the inky darkness, and, at last, they were clear of the gloomy woods. Still, the blackness of the night was intense.

The young man checked the horses, and once more glanced around him.

"We can not be far, at all events, from Laberton," he said, "and—ha! My God! what is that?" he suddenly exclaimed, as, all at once, a white figure dashed, from behind, swiftly by the carriage, and fled on in the thickness of the night.

It was gone, without noise or sound soever, in the twinkling of an eye—the pale, spectral glimmer of the flying drapery, disappearing as a gravestone, sinking in the earth.

The driver uttered a cry, and cowering down by the side of the other, moaned out, in abject fright:

"'Tis the ghost of Squire Arlington!"

The young man started.

"Arlington! Arlington, my man?" he exclaimed, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir; murdered on the plain a half-year ago. Let's turn back and—"

"Nonsense! and—ha! a light—yes—several lights there! Look!" and he pointed with his hand far away, in the gloom of the night, toward the right. Sure enough, several bright lights shone in the black night, betokening life and comfort of some sort.

The driver looked, but said nothing; he was so completely bewildered, that he had not the faintest idea where he was.

"We must go there for the night, my good man, and crave hospitality; when the morning comes we can go on to Laberton," said the one who still held the reins.

"Why, sir, of course," said the driver; "but, sir, there is a fence there, you see, and there's no road to the house—if it is a house!" and he closed his sentence at a low breath.

"Wait here a moment and I'll reconnoiter," said the young man, giving the reins to the other. "It looks to me, as well as I can see, as if it were a low, flat country, and we may not need a road."

As he spoke, he placed a hand on the haunches of the nearest horse, and sprung to the ground.

In a moment, he had disappeared in the gloom.

The coachman glanced uneasily around him, and shivered as he took the reins.

In a short while, however, the young man returned and mounted up to the seat.

"I have let down a panel of the fence," he said, "and it is an open, level field the other side. I also found traces of an old road. Come, we'll go; the lights can not be far off."

Again he spoke to the horses, and the carriage moved slowly on. Turning abruptly, he guided the animals through the gap in the fence, and then they entered the large, bare field, or plain.

The storm was now fast abating; a high wind had sprung up, and the clouds were gradually drifting away toward the northward. Now and then, a pale ray of moonlight struggled through the floating masses on high, and revealed the old road, with its deep-cut ruts, now filled with standing water—revealed, too, here and there, a lonely, decayed old Lombardy poplar, swaying to the wind which blew so freshly over the open waste, and sawing its dead limbs, one against the other, with a mournful creak.

Slowly the carriage drove on, the clouds still fleeing away, in a black band, toward the north, the moon's rays still breaking through the straggling rifts, and the rain had ceased.

Suddenly, the moon shone out with a splendid radiance on the plain, lighting up a weird, wondrous picture.

The horses started back fearfully—the carriage was forced sideways on a low hillock, and both

the men saw there, plainly defined on the ground, a large, distorted shadow.

Then, with a crash, the carriage went over, and a cry of pain moaned out on the air.

CHAPTER III.

A LIGHTNING STROKE.

We must go back a few hours in our story. Despite the brewing storm which was coming up—a fearful one promising to be—the lordly old mansion of St. Clair Arlington was lighted from top to bottom in a grand illumination, in honor of the royal event, the birth-night of the present owner. Even the wings of the ancient dwelling, in which a gleam of light seldom shone to illumine the gloom always resting there, were now aglow with flashing tapers. The mansion, at a distance, far over the wide-stretching plain, looked like an immense supernatural fire-fly, burning out brilliantly upon the gloomy, cloud-laden night.

St. Clair Arlington had determined to do nothing by halves. He intended to make a grand affair of this, his birth-night—to spare no expense to make it a signal success, and he had means in abundance.

He had long looked for the coming of this eventful night, for it was on this occasion he expected to melt his neighbors of the village into something like warmth—to break down the icy reserve existing between him and them—to do away with the coldness and distrust with which they had treated him, since his sudden return from—nobody knew whither, and his quiet induction into his brother's—old John Arlington's—immense property.

He intended, on this evening, to show them what a genial fellow—what a liberal-hearted man, he was. So, he had made extensive preparations; his perfumed cards of invitation he had sent around by his liveried coachman, and the cream of the town—metaphorically speaking, the élite and fashion, had been solicited to honor the occasion with their presence.

Strange to say, despite the evident coldness with which St. Clair Arlington had been looked upon, there were but few regrets returned to him. His heart had glowed within him at the reception his cards had met, and then he extended his preparations to a princely lavishness.

The long-expected night had rolled around, and the noble old mansion glowed from cellar to garret with flashing lights.

Agnes Arlington rapped lightly on the oak panel of the library door. There was no response, though she indistinctly heard, within, the sound of slow, deliberative strides.

Again she rapped. This time, the steps ceased; then, a rough voice bade her enter.

She turned the bolt softly, pushed open the door, and stood within the room. A brilliant light streamed down over the richly-furnished apartment from an old-fashioned but massive and costly chandelier, suspended from the ceiling.

The rays from the many tapers fell full on St. Clair Arlington, who had paused in his promenade, and was now standing leaning one of his jeweled hands upon the back of a chair.

He was a fine-looking man, this uncle of Agnes Arlington. Tall, erect, portly—large, massive head, with its close-cut, iron-gray hair; a full round face—garnished with long, sweeping side-whiskers, the lip and chin smoothly shaven, and a broad, well-developed forehead, made him a man at whom it were pleasant to look twice.

But behind the glittering glasses, bridged over the nose, shone a pair of eyes, into which it were not pleasant to look. Few there were, indeed, who ever were allowed to gaze into the depths of those orbs, and read the tale they told. But there were those who did.

The gentleman started involuntarily, when the girl entered, and he saw her splendid beauty; for a moment he gazed at her, with undisguised admiration.

"By Jove, Agnes, you are a pretty girl!" he exclaimed rather coarsely; "and I don't blame my friend, Mr. Howe, for being smitten with you! Tut! tut! girl: don't frown so! I care not, you know, and—yes, he is!—Howe is a friend of mine!"

The last words were spoken slowly, thoughtfully, and as if the memories they recalled were not pleasant.

Agnes did not answer, but keeping her eyes bent upon the floor, awaited the pleasure of the other.

Mr. Arlington looked up, and glanced over her splendid figure again. This time, he slightly frowned himself, and a shiver passed through his frame.

"What the deuce do you mean?" he rudely exclaimed, "by appearing on such an occasion as this, Agnes, in a black dress? Did you do it?" and he scowled at her darkly, "because you knew it would displease me!"

The girl raised her eyes to his face. Those eyes were now flashing with scorn and indignation. Her bosom swelled; but then, quick as lightning, a softer expression passed over the beautiful face, and then a tear filled her eye and fell upon the hands crossed before her.

"You are cruel, uncle!" she said, in a low, bitter tone; "but you have the power to be so! You know why I wear black! You can not, nor can I, forget that seven months ago I had a father, and that I have none now!"

The man started violently; again a shudder crept over him, and he glanced furtively around. But, recovering himself, he said, in a half-mocking tone:

"I had not forgotten it, my pretty girl! But methinks he left you little enough to remember him by!"

A convulsive thrill shot through her frame as these taunting words fell upon her ears; but she said, calmly:

"'Tis well, uncle! I am grateful for what he did leave me. But a truce to this! I am here at your command. What do you wish with me?" and she gazed him fixedly in the face.

"You are sufficiently to the point, my girl," said the man, with a pale sneer; "and, at time flies, why I'll tell you. In the first place, Agnes, you must play the mistress to-night, and help me in the duties of the hour. Of course, my

child, you will do your best, and it will be better for you."

He ended his sentence very abruptly.

"Yes, uncle?" and she gazed him straight in the face, as if expecting him to speak further.

But St. Clair Arlington seemed to keep something back; he toyed at his massive watch-chain, and stroked his long whiskers, all the time his eyes bent on the floor.

"If you have nothing further, uncle, to say, I'll go," and the girl turned, as if to leave the apartment.

The man started, and suddenly strode in front of her.

"Not yet—not yet, Agnes, my pretty girl; not until I have spoken something else to you—something very important—something I must speak!" and he held out his hand, as if to stay her progress.

The queenly girl drew back with an expression of mingled contempt and loathing. But she simply said:

"Well, uncle?" and, as before, kept her eyes fixed upon his face.

The man again paused, but, as if summoning up his resolution, he said:

"I want to speak to you about Delaney Howe."

"Delaney Howe! I detest the man, and loathe his very name!" was the indignant reply, and the girl made a step, as if about to turn away again; but the man did not move. He simply said:

"I do not doubt it, Agnes; nevertheless, I will speak to you about Mr. Howe, and the day may come when you will think as well of him as I do." As he spoke, he glanced around half-frightened again.

"I tell you, sir, I loathe the man; I despise the ground he treads, and I can not listen to his addresses further! They are odious to me, and had my poor father lived, the fellow would not have dared to show his face here!"

At that moment, a sudden gust of wind sighed and moaned around the old mansion, and shook the shutters with an ominous creak and rattle.

St. Clair Arlington started, and his face slightly paled; for in that sad sighing of the wind, there was something so creeping—so ghost-like—so haunting!

And Agnes, the orphan, started too; for in the moaning echo of the dismal night-wind, there was something unearthly, yet a something which came to her as the low wail of a dying man.

And then the gleaming of a lurid flash glittered through the slats of the blinds, and for a moment dimmed even the splendid radiance of the lights from the chandelier.

Following, a minute after, came the long, disconnected peal of thunder, swelling grandly its deafening scale; then dying away in the far distance with a solemn echo.

St. Clair Arlington recovered himself, and stepped hastily to the window. He paused for a moment, and seemed to hesitate; but suddenly pushing aside the blind, he flung up the sash and leaned out.

Peering quickly around, he drew the outside shutters together with a nervous jerk, and lowering the window, stepped back into the room.

"A storm is coming up, and I do not like the glare of lightning," he said, his face still slightly pale.

Agnes Arlington smiled scornfully as she saw his trepidation.

"There are two rods on the chimneys, uncle; so you nor your guests will run a risk!" she said. "But the storm is still a long way off."

The man glanced at her venomously for a moment, and an angry scowl wrinkled his face.

"You are facetious, my fair niece. But time flies, and the company will soon be here. I sent for you to inform you that Mr. Howe will be present this evening, and that he has something to say to you. See to it, Agnes, that you do not shun him; see to it that you listen to him, and—mark what I say!—if you wish for favor and protection from me, heed his words! Now, you had better go. Ha! yes; they are coming. Hurry out, Agnes, and receive the guests," and he made way for her—half pushing her from the room, as the rattle of carriage-wheels echoed in the apartment.

The girl gave her relative one look, half of defiance, half of entreaty, and, without any word or further gesture, left the library.

When she had gone, St. Clair Arlington shut the door quickly, and turned the key in the lock.

No sooner had he done this, than from behind a tall book-case, in the deep shadow of which he had stood, a tall young man stepped out into the center of the room, and stood under the full glare of the light.

He was a wicked-looking fellow, despite the glossy broadcloth in which he was arrayed; despite the glittering stones which sparkled on his bosom. He was a man of about thirty years of age, rather above the medium height, thick-set and muscular. His hair was light, and his red and bloated face was covered with a straggling, tawny beard. Over his left eyebrow was a long, crimson scar, as if made by a saber-cut. It was an old scar, as could be seen at a glance; but on this night, as the man stood under the chandelier, it shone brilliant and clear.

For a moment he looked at the owner of the old mansion, and then flung himself carelessly, and as if perfectly at home, into a chair.

"Well, Sainty," he said, in a low, grating voice, "I heard her, and her views on your friend; but I'll have her yet!" and he emphasized this assertion with a foul oath.

"I am glad you stood back there, Delaney, my friend," said the other, whiningly; "for now, my dear fellow, you see that my niece does not like you. You see it for yourself."

"I should think I did! She despises me, the impudent jade! But I'll not give her up!"

"I did my best, Delaney."

"Did you, Sainty? Are you quite sure you could not have been more positive with her? Methinks, old fellow, you are her guardian; and then, too, the girl is penniless without you, and—don't forget it, Sainty—with me!" and he darted a quick, fiery glance at the other.

St. Clair Arlington, who had taken a seat,

writhed for a moment in his chair. Then his face was suffused by a deep, angry flush—then a marble pallor took its place.

"You are free with me, Delaney; you take liberties, and I—"

"Did you not take liberties once with—somebody?—Ha! ha! Sainty—and did I not see you? You are growing forgetful of late."

The pallor deepened on the rich man's face; but then, as a sickly smile came over his mouth, he said:

"No, no, Delaney; I had not forgotten—things; and I had not forgotten your kindness, my friend."

"Eh?—Good! and I advise you not to forget it. You'll save me the trouble of a reminder—do you see? And, yes, Sainty, before I forget it, please fork out a little of the tin—the pewter, you know, for—"

LOVE IN POVERTY.

'Tis a libel on woman, to say through the casement
Love flies when grim poverty comes to the door,
For the heart that is noble ne'er feels it debasement.
To love when the loved one is wealthy no more.
There are ties that are felt in the time of dejection,
That link us more closely to love and to life;
And who the world's trials can bring to subjection
Like she who must share them—an American's wife?

We should fail, we should sink 'neath the weight of
our sorrow.
Were it not that for others we struggle to thrive;
And our children might clamor with hunger to morrow.
If we failed for a day to be hopeful, and strive.
Then what though our future be sunless and dreary,
And the path we now traverse the down-hill of life—
Though scanty the board, still the home may be cheery,
Illumed by the bright smiles of children and wife!

The Fatal Mistake.
A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE.

BY ELEANOR LEE EDWARDS.

Two females stood in a fashionable jewelry establishment in Broadway. One was a superb-looking girl of twenty-four, whose rich dress rustled as she moved; the other a slight girl of seventeen—one of those unhappy victims of poverty who are compelled to part with the last cherished memento of better days to buy food for the suffering body. The pleased and smiling proprietor was too much occupied with his wealthy and aristocratic patron, to notice the humble child of the poor, who stood with tearful eyes fixed passionately upon a ring which she had removed from her finger, and was grasping in her hand. The grief that she felt at parting with it was too great to allow her even to notice the costly gems, the beautiful pearls, the rare devices of the jeweler's art, which were spread forth for the admiration of the fine lady at her side. Once she timidly requested a clerk who was near to look at the ring, and to purchase it if he would, for she needed the money, but he affected not to hear her; and thinking she would seek a less brilliant establishment, she turned to the door, and there upon the steps lay a purse, through whose shining meshes she could see the glitter of gold. She quickly stooped and snatched it, and with an impulse for which she was hardly responsible, so momentary was the temptation, she thrust it into her bosom. As she did so, a rich color shot up into her wan and pallid cheek, and a sudden fire flashed out of her tearful eyes.

"It will save my mother!" she muttered, in a low voice, as, casting one glance around, she fled down the steps and hurried away.

At that moment the lady in the shop uttered an exclamation of surprise. She had completed her selections, and upon looking for her purse, it was gone. It had been with difficulty that she had that morning obtained from her father the five hundred dollars with which to procure some new jewels.

"I am sure I had it in my hand when I entered—I am positive that I laid it here upon this counter," she said, looking suspiciously at the clerks who were near.

"Oh, no, that could not be!" exclaimed the proprietor, anxious for the reputation of his store. "You must have dropped it in the street. But that girl who stood here a moment ago—where is she?" and all the employees ran to the door and looked up and down the street.

"I see her—she is running away!" cried one. "She will be lost in the crowd in a moment. Stop thief!"

As the dread sound reached her, the girl turned round and came back toward them; taking the purse from her bosom and handing it to the first one who came up, she said, "I did not steal it—indeed, I did not steal it! I found it; and I was tempted to keep it because my mother is starving—" and she burst into tears.

"Found it! yes, you found it upon my counter," replied the jeweler, sternly. "That is the old story about your mother, miss, and it will not shield you from the House of Correction, or more like, a room in Sing Sing for a few years."

The girl turned deadly pale. "By my hopes of heaven," she cried, in a sharp voice, "I found it, and I had already overcome the temptation to keep it, so far as to turn back to search for the owner. Oh, sir," pleaded she to the policeman whose heavy hand was already on her shoulder, "let me go, for my mother is sick, and she will die!"

"She will, indeed, if her life depends on you, my girl," was the coarse reply; "so come along with me, if you please. You, sir, and the lady, must trouble yourselves for a few moments to accompany us, till the magistrate hears what you have to say about it;" and he hurried his prisoner to the nearest office.

Overcome with terror and shame, she made no resistance; but when the beautiful Miss Sutherland, with a glance of calm indignation at her degraded sister woman, deposed to having the purse not five minutes before, and the clerks deposed to her running from the shop, and of their finding it upon her, and she heard the magistrate order her to be locked up for the night, and the witnesses to return to-morrow at eleven o'clock to the trial, with one thrilling shriek she fell back insensible.

"She ain't a very hard 'un yet," muttered the policeman, in an undertone, as he lifted her up, and carried her to her cell.

"She is so very young, too, that I hope you will be merciful," said Miss Sutherland, turning her calm eyes to the magistrate. "Still, it would be best for her suffer some punishment, for if she escapes too easily now, she may be tempted to sin again," and with this charitable remark, the aristocratic young lady left the office, rejoicing in the discovery of her lost purse.

She paid for her jewelry—took it home—and slept that night, undisturbed by care, upon a bed of down underneath silken counterpanes.

As for Lucy Henderson, the wretched prisoner, when she awoke from her fainting-fit, she heard the key grate in the lock, and felt that she was indeed inclosed in that narrow room for almost twenty-four hours, while her mother, sick, starving, perhaps dying, lay in her miserable garret, watching in vain, with hollow eyes, for the return of her child. The thought was desperation. She sprang to the door and called aloud for release; she grasped at the handle of the huge door, as if with the insane efforts of her slight hands, she could tear it from its hinges. She only heard a retreating step—she only saw that her supper had already been placed upon the chair by her little bed, and that, in all probability, there would no one come that night to whose mercy she could recommend her mother—and again she sunk down senseless upon the pitiless stones. It was a long time before she again realized where she was. Famine and grief had already so undermined her strength, that she became an easy prey to this new horror which had come upon her. It was night when she roused herself from her stupor and lifted her head from the floor—the stars were shining through the grated window; but their solemn splendor brought no peace to her tortured thoughts—thoughts of her dying parent. All night she sat motionless upon the cold flags, and when, hours, as it seemed to her, after daylight, the jailor unlocked the door and thrust in her breakfast, her cry of, "Let me go to my mother!" was answered by the sharp closing of that door.

She had strength now—the strength of despair, for she had tasted no food for a long time. With her hands locked together and her cheeks burning with a wild crimson, she paced the narrow cell swiftly to and fro for another hour.

Then the door was again unclosed, but it was not an officer to conduct her to the trial who entered. She knew the handsome, dissolute face, the bold smile of the gay Will Sutherland too well. He came toward her with a look of affected compassion, and heedless of her repeated cry, "Go to my mother, Mr. Sutherland—go to my mother and save her!" he spoke in a sweet and soothing voice: "It was from my sister Kate that you stole the purse, my fair Lucy, but I can save you, and I am willing to do so."

"You will keep me from prison—from disgrace—that I may go home to my poor mother?" she asked, standing still before him, and smiling into his face with those large, luminous eyes now brilliant with excitement.

"Yes, Lucy; I will save you from long years in the Penitentiary. I will send a physician to your mother—she shall have every comfort, if you will only consent to be mine—if you will only let me kiss one of those tresses upon your cheeks."

"But how can you do this?" she inquired, as she shrunk back.

"I knew that you committed no theft, for I was in the street, and saw you pick the purse from the steps. I will testify to that; only promise to be kind in return."

The young girl folded her arms; the color went down from her wasted, exquisite features, as she fixed her timid glance full on his face.

"The prison will be a sweet resting-place, Mr. Sutherland, since it will at least protect me from your persecutions. If you dare to be so cruel as to allow the innocent to suffer, my sorrow be upon your own head. I can die in disgrace and imprisonment, but I never shall be that slave that you wish me to be."

"But did you not say that your parent was perishing from neglect? Will you have her death upon your hands?" he asked, triumphantly.

"God demands no such sacrifice from me, even to redeem a mother's life. But you will not let her die—you will go to her now—you will—you will?" and she laid her hand upon his arm.

There is no heart so utterly selfish and hard as that of the voluntary who sacrifices all to his own pleasures; but even that of Will Sutherland was touched by her despairing look.

"Yes, I will go to her now," he said, in a husky voice; "but, Lucy, I expect you to be grateful."

He turned and left her, while her blessing pierced his heart with remorse; and she sat down on the side of her couch to await the summons to a trial. Now that her heart was relieved of its most deadly anguish, the thought of the sick woman destitute and deserted, she had time to think of what had befallen herself. Had it not been that she desired to be spared to her mother, the prison would indeed have seemed a "sweet resting-place," in comparison with the temptation, persecution and famine which awaited the young creature, when she went outside of its gloomy but protecting walls.

It was not long before an officer appeared to conduct her into court. It was not often that one so beautiful was arraigned before the city tribunal; and now that the terror and shame which disfigured her countenance had passed away, its wild loveliness, its purity and truth, touched the feelings of all who beheld it.

The innocence of that look was soon triumphantly verified; for, instead of witnessing against her, Miss Sutherland came forward and withdrew her complaint, and the testimony of her brother as to what he had seen—that she picked up the purse from the steps, and was really returning with it when they arrested her—was sufficient to procure her release. After all, it was only one night of imprisonment—and Lucy Henderson drew a long breath of relief, as she turned, with weak steps, to fly to her home. She was stopped before she reached the door by Miss Sutherland. That lady had been weeping, and there were still tears in her eyes.

"I owe you some reparation—you will take this?" and she held out a handful of gold. The young girl thrust it aside with her trembling fingers. "I hear that you have a sick mother—at least let me go with you to see how she is—we can get there so much quicker in my carriage."

"Yes, yes, let us hasten," answered the excited girl, and she hurried into the carriage.

They drove rapidly to the house to which he had directed. Lucy flung open the door and leaped out before he could assist her—she flew up the narrow stairway, into the chamber which lay beyond. They followed at a slow rate; and when they entered the cold, unfurnished room, the daughter was down on her knees by her mother's bed. She looked around at them and laughed when they came in.

"She is dead!" she cried, and laughed again.

The woman of opulence and fashion looked around upon the naked floor, the empty cupboard, the miserable bed, the pinched and hungry face of the dead, and bursting into tears, she cried:

"Oh, my brother, is there such wretchedness as this around us?"

He could not answer her, for the daggers of remorse pierced his heart, as he thought of how he had known of this destitution, and had used it as a means to tempt that young girl to degradation, instead of giving her aid.

The orphan arose to her feet, and spoke loudly to him:

"You see, you have killed her! Why did you not let me go to her yesterday with the bread I was going to buy? She will never know now that I was tempted to keep the purse, will she? unless the angels tell her, and they are too kind. You killed her, did you not?—and in return, may all the sin and misery you sought for me, fall upon your sister."

"Do not curse me," pleaded Miss Sutherland, humbly.

"She does not know what she is saying," said her brother, in a cold voice, but his cheek was somewhat blanched. "Fatigue, and want of food, and anxiety have unstrung her system—she is delirious."

"We must not leave her; I will take her home with me until she is better. How hot her hands are. Poor thing! Will you come with me, Lucy?" she asked, soothingly.

The young girl did not reply; but turned again to the corpse of her last friend and protector, and clasping her cold hand as if it could shield her from harm, she sat silent on the couch.

It was not until, with the aid of others, the corpse was shrouded and placed in its coffin, that the orphan could be torn from her hold upon that hand; and then it was only to fall into a dangerous stupor. She was borne to the home of the brother and sister; and Miss Sutherland herself spent many hours of kind watching by her bed. Skillful nursing did indeed restore the wasted body once more to its former strength. But alas for that pure and beautiful mind which was gone forever!

When Lucy Henderson recovered, she was a sweet, gentle and harmless maniac; and as the sister did not feel that she could ever resign her poor charge to the care of strangers, she always remained in that household, making herself useful by the skill with which she plied her needle, and the affectionate care which she took of the dress and all the toilet of her kind benefactress. It was her particular delight to smooth and braid the long tresses of Miss Sutherland's hair, and to listen to her singing and guitar. Her large, spiritless, melancholy eyes were a continual reproach to the young gentleman, whose restless conscience drove him from home for several years. Although he did not become a reformed man in all his luxurious habits, yet the young and innocent had no longer any thing to dread. The thought of the wan, sweet and soulless glance of Lucy was a restraint from which he could not flee.

In the course of time he brought home a bride, as lovely, as good, and as youthful as was Lucy Henderson before those fatal sorrows and persecutions had overthrown her reason. But poor Lucy was dead then—her beautiful form, her bright, golden hair, her haunting eyes, were in the grave, and she could trouble him no more with her earthly presence.

Hints and Helps.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG men ought studiously to covet the acquaintance and friendship of sensible and modest young women. The sexes were not made for isolated lives. The most agreeable of companionships are those of opposite sexes, and such ought to be encouraged by every judicious parent. Many a boy has gone to the bad by forming the association of males alone, by imbibing their tastes, habits and vices. The early companionship of females would have improved his manners, refined his tastes, and directed his ways into pleasant paths.

When little girls and boys play together and are happy. When older, they become shy of each other, and too often drift so far apart as never to know each other again! Is this a wise order of things? By no means! It were far wiser for the young people to be pleasantly associated through all the years up to manhood and womanhood—to preserve youthful friendships, and to retain youthful tastes.

An eminent writer says: "It is a wondrous advantage to man, in every pursuit and vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In a woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character and repute. She will seldom counsel you to shabby things, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out

of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger, than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetest, ornament of his existence."

Young men make a further mistake, in entering a strange society, in supposing that ladies regard them with suspicion or reserve because they are strangers. The fact, really, is the contrary—ladies are usually interested in strangers; and if a young man come well indorsed he is sure of a kindly reception in all well-bred circles. Only let him be very careful not to let this reception betray him into the familiar ways of an old acquaintance. If, on entering a new society, the gentleman uses great freedom of manner and candor of speech, calling young ladies by their given names, he will be written a "vulgar fellow"—that is, one unused to good society; and will hardly be a welcome guest thereafter.

THE ETIQUETTE OF HORSEBACK RIDING.

The very delightful recreation and exercise of riding on horseback is too little partaken of in these days of fast locomotion. This is to be regretted, for nothing is better calculated to develop the physical health and animal spirits, nothing is more conducive to pleasure of a rational character, than a ride on horseback on every pleasant day.

The etiquette of such occasions is simple enough. The lady should have the left, that the skirt may be outside and not interfered with. The gentleman should never be in advance of the lady, but always a little in the rear, yet constantly near enough for any emergency, or for a chat. The ceremony of mounting and dismounting is to be learned by practice; no etiquette can teach it. It is, of course, the gentleman's place to gallant the lady out, taking her by her left hand, as, with her right, she must support her skirt; he must assist her to mount, by holding the stirrup for her foot, and by disposing of her skirt after she is seated.

The dress of the lady, upon such occasions, is not well understood by most of our ladies. The English women ride very much, both alone and accompanied, on horseback; sometimes even participating in the exciting and daring race of the hunt. Their dress is the result of four hundred years of experiment and experience, and we therefore quote the following from a work on the subject, recently published in London:

Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise, although there has been a great improvement, so far as taste has been concerned, of late years. As to the head-dress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided it fits the head so as not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun, and, if used in hunting, protect the nape of the neck from rain. The recent fashions of wearing the plumes or feathers of the ostrich, the cock, the capercailzie, the pheasant, the peacock and kingfisher, in the riding-hats of young ladies, in my humble opinion are highly to be commended. As to the riding-habit, it may be of any color or material, suitable to the wearer and season of the year, but the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, inconvenient and ridiculous, than the wide-hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing-room. For country use, the skirt of the habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement; and so is the over-jacket of cloth or sealskin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty young girls should not indulge in picturesque riding-costume, so long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoil the "set" of their dress-skirts, by retaining the usual impediments of petticoats. The best horsewomen wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with long, colored sleeves. Ladies trowsers should be of the same material and color as the habit; and, if full, flowing like a Turk's, and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle, they will not be distinguished from the skirt. In this costume, which may be made amply warm by the folds of the trowsers, plaited like a Highlander's kilt (fastened with an elastic band at the waist), a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one encumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots, but it is quite absurd, for they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trowsers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm woolen stockings, and easy to get on and off. It would not look well to see a lady struggling out of a pair of wet boots, with the help of a bootjack and a couple of chambermaids. The heels of riding-boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but long to keep the stirrup in its place."

TABLE-TALK.

You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with children at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence and the refinement and the appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be any thing but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education?



NEW YORK, MARCH 19, 1870.

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All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

OUR PAPER.

An immense number of people now look to you for their reading; why do you not, therefore, start a paper? has been the inquiry, time and again, of our readers and of leading men in the news-trade. The following is one from numerous letters which we have received:

Cape Elizabeth, Feb. 3, 1868.

BEADLE AND COMPANY: It has long been a wonder to me, and I have no doubt it has been to others, that, possessing as you do such ample means and so much energy and ability, you have not before this issued a weekly paper devoted to romance and choice literature.

And I wish at this time to urge upon you the fact that such a paper would prove an immense success. It is true that new papers during the last eight years have sprung up with astonishing rapidity. And I do not intend to say anything against the ability and skill which have been shown in their management, nor against the talent employed upon them. But there is always room for one more, and I think I do not exaggerate when I say that a paper published by you, supported by the pens of the corps of eminent American authors who have succeeded in making your publications the best in the world, with illustrations from first-class artists, would unquestionably at once take the lead of all others, and not only be successful in a financial point but also prove the greatest and best literary venture that has ever been attempted. Two serials should I think be sufficient at a time, so that the balance of room could be devoted to sketches, etc., etc. * * * I am fully confident that the public are ready to sustain any new enterprise ably conducted and supported as this would be. Hoping that you will consider the few suggestions that I have presented, and that you will ere long issue such a paper, wishing you every success in whatever you may undertake.

I remain, yours respectfully,

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.
Lawn Cottage, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

We here present the first number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL in answer to this almost imperative demand.

Our paper will be "popular in form and size, popular in price and popular in character"—like all our publications, THOROUGHLY GOOD.

All that we do will be well done. No publication can pass from our hands except in its best condition. "Incomparable in excellence—unapproachable in price" was our motto, adopted years ago, not in pretense but in earnest. How we have fulfilled the promise let our standing with the trade and public attest.

JUST SO!

ROBERT BONNER says: "Publishers have, without exception, from time immemorial, been laboring under the delusion that if they could only manage to publish a big sheet, their fortunes would be made, and their highest ambition gratified. This is the rock on which hundreds of publishers have been wrecked. The great busy public are much more desirous of buying just what they want in convenient form than to have cart-loads of stupid matter served up to them in great, unwieldy blanket-sheets, which it would take half one's time to peruse."

The words of one who knows, and fully confirmed by our own long experience in catering for the reading public. No person cares to spend a whole week over one of those paper blankets any more than a healthy, wide-awake man cares to lay in bed one week under one of them.

What is demanded are life, vigor, spirit and originality in journalism—what the French term *verve*. Every article should be the best* of its kind, terse and clear in style, cogent and well-knit in action, and appreciative in character and circumstances. And, more than all, each and every article should be revised by competent hands, to impart to it the polish or completeness which long experience and skill can give.

Few papers of the day, we know, have all these qualities, or are prepared with this care; but, that is no reason why the Saturday Journal should not embody the required excellence.

We purpose a paper varied in its weekly contents, spirited in general character, vigorous and healthy in tone, and thoroughly original in its quality. Having at call numerous skilled pens, we command and shall use the elements necessary to make this

THE MODEL PAPER OF AMERICA.

Our Friends—old and young, male and female—spread over the "wide world" as they are, can do no greater favor than to announce to their friends the appearance and character of "Our New Paper." All we solicit is that the SATURDAY JOURNAL may be given the notice it deserves—every reader being the judge as to the merit of what we offer.

OUR SERIALS.

SHORT SERIALS will constitute A FEATURE of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. We shall not tire readers with interminable stories, but in a few issues give what, in most popular papers, would run through

half a year. Our idea of a good "story paper" is to say much in a short space—just what we purpose to do in all departments of the Journal.

HAND, NOT HEART.—We present among the attractions of this number, the first chapters of a remarkably fine romance by a noted American writer. Written expressly to meet our requirements, it will be found to combine power, beauty, pathos, passion, feeling and poetic expression in rare proportions. Readers of both sexes and of all ages will enjoy it.

A FAMOUS FRONTIER CHARACTER is brought into prominence in the genial, graphic and highly exciting tale of Border Life, viz.: WILD NATHAN, THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER. As publishers of the most successful series of purely American romance ever issued, we command the choicest works of the most eminent and popular writers in this field of fiction. This enables us to lay before readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL stories of the Plains and Trapping-grounds—or the War-path and Trail—of the Woods and Lakes—or the Settlements and Forts—of unsurpassed excellence. In Wild Nathan we have a real forest Prince—a "rough diamond," in whose exploits, whimsical humor and stout devotion to the beautiful heroine of the story, readers of both sexes will take great delight.

CRUISER CRUSOE.—Boys especially will be charmed with the series of adventure, and the romance of a castaway's life, which we shall present in successive issues of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

We know of nothing written since the days of De Foe's great story which compares with this series in exciting interest, novelty and instructiveness. It is a charming contribution to the literature of Sport and Adventure. Each issue will be illustrated with a highly characteristic design.

OUR legion of readers who wish the SATURDAY JOURNAL sent to them with promptness and regularity, will favor us by leaving their names with their newsdealer, who thus will lay aside a copy for them expressly. This will be found the safest way to secure their paper at the earliest moment.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL should be carefully preserved. It will richly merit binding or a file frame. We will give, at the close of the volume, a Title-Page and Table of Contents. This will render the work quite a Literary Repository. Preserve the numbers!

RISING STARS.

We have arranged to devote a special space to the productions of writers of promise. The country is truly rich in talent. Local newspapers, in all sections, contain evidences of the existence of talent in their communities which, in many cases, merits more than a local reputation. The great journals already established are so absorbed by writers of greater or less fame as to be inaccessible to those struggling for a hearing, "unknown to Fame but of Fame's own." We have a wide correspondence and a perfect familiarity with the whole authorial field, and know that, in reserving a place for these rising stars we shall lay before our readers "many a gem of purest ray serene" which will add interest to the paper while it affords those a hearing who, otherwise, would not obtain a writer's honors.

We will give all correspondence and contributions careful attention, and will use such matter as to us seems best, not caring from whence it comes. The aim being to produce a lively, agreeable, readable journal, names will be to us nothing—merit every thing. Hence those who have merit will be pretty sure of a hearty welcome from us and our readers.

The Managing Woman.—The managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune in herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant water, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers when all around is bleached white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do any thing, and she does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering, and never less than hopeful of favorable result.

Old Age.—Beautiful is old age; beautiful as the slow, drooping, mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruit of a well-spent life; and surrounded by children, she rocks him away softly to the grave, to which he is followed by blessings. God forbid that we should not call it beautiful! There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow, a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which the grave gapes to finish before the victory is won; and strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of a man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life is other than this.

Faces Men Love.—What face is that which appeals to the sense of beauty to the majority of men? Not the plump inanity of the colored lithograph. Not the buxom country lass, who has all the beauties of which poets sing, but whom poets do not marry. Not the pinky doll of the book of fashions. Men love those eyes which are transparent and yet deep, because there lies in them something of the unknown and undiscoverable; and so men love faces that tell stories, and are coy, confiding, tantalizing, with vague and grand emotional possibilities hidden somewhere about their expression.

Good-bye.—It is a simple word, and one that is often uttered, yet it is a word that should ever be spoken lovingly, for heaven only knows when and where we will meet again the friends from whom we part. Only a short time may intervene before we greet the familiar face, and then again our next meeting may be on the threshold of eternity—that eternity for which none can set landmarks to limit its dimensions or find plumbets to fathom its depths. Yes, speak the word fondly; for but a few weeks or months may elapse ere the hand that now clasps yours will be folded cold and motionless above a pulseless breast; and

the lips that are now bidding you adieu be closed forever with the immovable seal of death; ah! then, let not your last farewell be a cold repetition of the word good-by.

Let us picture a ship preparing to depart, with its precious freight of human beings, whose hearts are glowing with bright anticipations of future success in foreign land many a long, weary mile from the homes of their childhood. Here and there are groups discussing their future plans and hopes, and trying with cheerful faces to dispel the gloom of parting so soon to take place. Here, apart from all the rest, we perceive an affectionate mother taking leave of her only child, who is going to tempt the merciless billows of ocean to seek that fortune which many others have sought before and but a few favored ones have won. Ay, press warmly, fond mother, your darling's hand, for that clasp may be severed for years, if not forever. Others there are, parting from brothers, sisters, and friends, all with sad hearts and tearful eyes, for in the dim uncertainty of the future, who can say they will ever meet again on earth?

At last the vessel is ready, the sails are unfurled, and the last good-by spoken; the ship ere long is bounding over the calm, treacherous waves of ocean, while those on shore, having caught the last faint glimpse of it, slowly retrace their steps to their now lonely homes, to wait and pray for tidings from the absent ones.

But, alas! never again, fond mother, will you behold your darling boy—never again, kind brother or sister, will you feel a sister's love or know a brother's devotion; for the ship that bore so many true hearts from their native soil was doomed never to reach its destination, and those brave hearts are now calmly sleeping in the coral cells of the deep, unfathomed caves of the ocean, with tangled seaweed around the bough on which you so lately pressed your last good-by. No sculptured marble marks their resting-place, and none but the mermaids of the mysterious deep may murmur a requiem over their graves.

But mourn not, ye bereaved ones; for there will come a day when the blossoms of all earthly hopes shall be withered and dead, and when our immortal souls, the jewels of life, shall have flown from their caskets of clay, to join the loved ones gone before us to that bourne where the sad good-by is never spoken; for there we shall part to meet no more.

Remorse.—We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it, to some small circle of survivors, thoughts of so much omitted and so little done, of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired, that such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this in time. Men who look on nature and their fellow-men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the somber colors are reflected from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and require a clear vision.

Beautiful Hands.—Arsene Houssaye says in his latest essay on female beauty: "Irish girls have the most beautiful hands. English girls have too fleshy and plump hands. The hands of American girls are too long and narrow. The fingers of German girls are too short and their palms too broad. Next to the Irish girls, the daughters of Poland deserve the palm, so far as the beauty of the hand is concerned. The hands of French, Italian, and Spanish girls may be called indifferent, though there are more beautiful hands to be seen in France and Italy than in Spain. The Parisiennes bestow a great deal of care on their hands, and the consequence is that superficial and inexperienced observers will believe that they have finer hands than the women of any other part of France or any other country."

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to another of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up; the question is too hard for me. But ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

Victorless Heroes.—The man who fights successfully the battle of humanity against any form of wrong, cruelty, or oppression, deserves a niche in the temple of fame; but such a niche is deserved none the less by many another who fought just as bravely, but failing to scale the citadel, has fallen unnoticed into the trench below. The world echoes the praises of the victor in arts and arms. One day we shall open our eyes upon the long procession of heroes who gained no victories, but struggled with unavailing courage until, overwhelmed by Fate, they paved the way for more fortunate feet with their bones.

Whistling.—Next to laughing, whistling is one of the most philosophical things in which a fellow of good spirits can indulge. Whistling is a popular prescription for keeping up the courage—it might better be said good spirits. Some genial philosopher has well said on this subject: "Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to."

Learn to Keep House.—No young lady can be too well instructed in any thing which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and the pantry. Indeed, it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Young people can not realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is of great advantage to them. I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement and a most useful part of their education.

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MY UMBRELLA.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The rains are reigning in the sky,
And pour from clouds that burst asunder,
And every hour brings forth its shower,
And every thing has gone to thunder.

But while a cloud hangs like a shroud,
Upon the heart of many a fellow,
I feel a terrible relief—
I feel relieved of my umbrella.

Alas! some fellow bore it off,
To make felonious use of it;
He left his shame, but not his name,
And since, I've had no news of it.

Now, sadly on my way I take,
With floods above and floods below me,
To think as if my heart would break,
To think my um, no more shall know me.

Ah! many a day it served me well,
Till in my eye it grew most holey;
I wore it out when showers fell,
And it wore out (not very) slowly.

When o'er my head its wings were spread,
My breast would swell with pride of it;
And no more rain came through its top,
Than fell on the outside of it.

And once I ran against a man,
And splintered up its handle oaken;
Once missed my way but hit a dray,
Whereby my um, had three ribs broken.

Though one side hung like a clift wing,
I liked the wear and tear of it,
Which cautioned all, both great and small,
From asking for a share of it.

Oh, stealer of my whalebone, dear,
Give me your ear to some suggestions:
I'd like to whale you with the bone
That Sampson used on the Philistines.

I wish you'd drench in every storm,
And drown in every muddy gutter,
Since you have shown, by awful theft,
How very shay you are of water.

I think you did a shabby trick,
You'd better mend your morals, fellow!
And if to sin you still must stick,
Let go, let go of my umbrella!

Washington Whitehorn's
ANSWERS TO
CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CONTRIBUTORS.

ERATO.—Your poem on "Summer" is well-written—on foolscap—and I may venture the opinion, composed under one; but it is so long that it is measureless. The rhymes are all very simple and it is so good that a very little would satisfy anybody. We would print it but the descriptive part is so fiery that we must use it for stové purposes.

TEACHER.—Your article on the abuse of grammar is written in the most heart-broken English we ever saw. There are five mistakes in the first sentence—and your sentences are longer than those of a Supreme Court, for they are for life—not tending toward Capital punishment—for you evince a determined Fifth-Avenue propensity of beginning every thing with a small letter. You can't punctuate, therefore you can't stop when you get started.

DO—Your Historical tale is finely written—in fact, so fine that I can't hardly make it out—unless I make it out the window. I find, however, that your characters have hardly any characters at all. This is entirely wrong, as morals should be found in all tails, except the retail. Your hero sinks under water for the third time in your second chapter, and you inhumanly leave him there until the sixth chapter. This is outrageous.

SPOONEY.—"Lines to my love" a little too soft and tender. "Flowing raven tresses" reads to us a good deal like an advertisement for some one's hair dye. "Pearly teeth" bites very much like a local notice of your village dentist. I judge you to be a very young author—say two years old—and can not authorize such productions.

DISTILLER.—Your article on "A new way of making whisky out of water," is a splendid thing. We shall not publish it now

Wild Nathan: THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER.

BY PAUL J. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARD noon of a pleasant June day, 18—, a man, mounted on a powerful animal of the mustang breed, was riding slowly over the plain, some distance southeast of the great South Pass. His appearance was striking. In height he was rather more than six feet, his legs and arms being long and lank in the extreme. His eyes were small, gray and piercing, and remarkably deep-set; his face rather thin and cadaverous, the lower part being covered with a scanty growth of grizzled beard. Add to these not very handsome features a wide, though good-natured looking mouth, and a nose of extraordinary length, and he presented a startling, not to say ludicrous, appearance.

He was dressed in a suit of dun-colored deer-skin; and a close-fitting coon-skin cap, from which dangled the tail, covered his head. A long rifle, which evidently had seen considerable service, rested across the saddle-bow, and a large buck-horn-handled knife peeped from the folds of his hunting-shirt. A powder-horn slung at one side, and a small tomahawk stuck in his belt, completed his outfit.

Such was the appearance of Nathan Rogers, well known throughout that region as Wild Nathan, trapper and Indian-fighter.

As he rode slowly along, his eyes bent on the ground, a superficial observer would have pronounced him in a deep reverie; but, from the suspicious glance which he frequently threw about him, it was evident that he was on the look-out for any danger that might be near.

"Gitten' purty near noon," he said, at last, speaking aloud, as was his habit when alone—"purty near noon, an' I sw'ar I'm gitten' en'a most famished. I shall be a mere skeleton, purty shortly, ef I don't git a leetle something in the provender line. Guess I'll make fur that clump of timber, an' brile a slice of antelope."

He raised himself in his stirrups, and swept the plain with swift, piercing glances.

"Nothin' in sight," he muttered, dropping to his seat. "Nary an Indian tew be seen. Gitten' mighty quiet, lately; hain't seen one of the pesky critters in a week. Git up, Rocky."

He turned his horse toward a small clump of trees about half a mile distant, and rode rapidly forward. As he neared the grove, his former appearance of carelessness gave place to one of intense watchfulness. His keen gray eyes roved restlessly along the edge of the timber; his movements were slow and wary—every motion being instinct with a caution that long habit had made second nature. When at the edge of the grove, he stopped to listen, rising once more in his stirrups to look about him.

"Nary livin' thing here 'cept me an' the squirrels," he muttered, after a protracted survey of the premises. "So, Rocky," with a pat on his horse's head, "we'll stop here, an' have a bite."

He slipped to the ground, unfastened the saddle-girth, and left the horse to graze, and then, placing his rifle close at hand, built a fire beside a fallen trunk, and proceeded to cut some slices of meat, a large piece of which hung at his saddle-bow, and place them to broil on the coals.

He had nearly finished his repast, when he suddenly sprang to his feet, grasped his rifle, and turned, in an attitude of defense, toward the south. His quick ear had caught the sound of danger.

He stood for some minutes, rifle in hand, peering into the green, tangled woods before him, and listening intently. No sound met his ear save the gentle rustling of the leaves overhead, and the occasional note of some familiar wood-bird.

"I don't like this silence," he muttered, glancing uneasily around. "I'm sure I heard suthin', an' silence, in such cases, ain't a good symptom."

He shifted his rifle to the other hand, and still keeping his eyes fixed on the thicket before him, began moving that way, making a wide *détour*, however, to accomplish his purpose.

As he was creeping noiselessly forward, a slight sound met his ear, and turning his head, he saw, above the top of a huge log, the hideously-painted face of an Indian. Springing to his feet, he was about to make a more decided movement, when a horrible chorus of yells filled the air, and instantly, from every side, save directly behind him, sprung a score of savages.

"Gallinippers!" ejaculated the trapper, "here's a scrimmage on hand."

He instantly raised his rifle and discharged both barrels into the painted host that was rapidly rushing upon him, and then turning, darted away, intending to reach his steed and make his escape. On reaching the spot, closely followed by his pursuers, he discovered that his horse was in the hands of a number of Indians, who had reached the place under cover of the timber.

He was now completely surrounded by the savages, who were pressing forward, eager to capture him. To the right, left and rear were the woods; before him the plain; on every side, the Indians. With a comprehensive glance at the scene, the trapper came to a halt, turned toward the nearest of his foes, and swinging his

rifle over his head, with a yell that would have shamed a Comanche warrior's best effort, dashed forward. With one blow he felled a gigantic brave who stood before him; another, and a second went down; and then, as the panic-stricken ranks broke, leaving a slight opening, he sprang through and darted away to the right, closely followed by the Indians, yelling at the top of their voices.

On he ran, over fallen trees and under branches, and close behind came his pursuers, straining every nerve to overtake him. So close were they, that the fleeing hunter had no opportunity to look for danger ahead, and before he was aware, he ran directly into a small band of the enemy, who were evidently lying in ambush.

There was no time to lose, and drawing his knife, the intrepid trapper rushed on, determined to sell his life dearly. There was a short but bloody conflict, and overpowered by overwhelming numbers, Rogers found himself a prisoner.

With shouts of triumph, the Indians gathered round, taunting him with his coming fate.

"The Long-knife shall die," shouted a pompous chief, with a towering head-dress of eagle feathers. "He will kill no more braves."

"Thet remains tew be seen, ole smut-face," retorted the trapper. "I specter hev the pleasure of scalpin' ye yet."

The Indian glared at him with a look of ferocity.

I ever git away, I'll bet they'll wish they'd died when they war young!"

The Indians traveled steadily forward, and about the middle of the afternoon, reached a high cliff in the Rocky Mountains, at the base of which they halted, and began making some preparations that puzzled Wild Nathan considerably. He was not long kept in doubt as to their intentions.

The cliff shot up perpendicularly, a distance of about ninety feet, facing the east. The whole face was smooth, without niche or seam, with the exception of one spot. This was a narrow, shelf-like ledge, about thirty feet from the top, some three yards in length and about one in breadth.

As the trapper was looking at the precipice, with which he was quite familiar, the pompous chief before mentioned accosted him.

"Does Long-knife behold? The ledge shall be his grave! He will thirst, but there will be no water; he will hunger, but there will be no food. Below him, the birds will fly, the antelope will jump, and the buffalo graze, but it will be nothing to him. Long-knife will not be able to reach them!"

Wild Nathan looked at him, at first puzzled; but, as the full meaning of his words broke upon him, his heart sunk. It would, indeed, be a fearful death!

But not to his captors would he show fear,

After an uproarious tumult, the Wolf stepped forward and tied the buffalo-skin rope about his own waist. His companions then lowered him to the ledge, where he unfastened the rope, and it was drawn up. The trapper was then taken up, his bonds tightened and the rope tied about him; and, amid a hideous yelling, was swung off the cliff.

He landed at last on the ledge where the Wolf stood waiting. He detached the rope, and once more it was drawn up. The trapper's weapons were next lowered, and the Wolf placed the tomahawk and knife in the prisoner's belt and leaned the rifle against the rock, regarding him, meanwhile, with a mocking smile.

"Long-knife has his weapons," he said: "he can shoot the antelope beneath him!"

"Blast ye, who cares?" retorted Wild Nathan. "Think yer'll tanterize me, I s'pose, leavin' 'em here; but yer won't."

"The Long-knife has killed his last warrior," continued the Indian, exultingly. "He will take no more scalps. Long-knife is conquered; his carcass will be food for the vultures, and his bones will bleach in the suns of a hundred years."

He fastened the rope about his waist, the trapper looking on in silence, and mentally cursing his fate.

"Ef I war only loose, I'd topple ye over," he muttered. "I'll bet that ain't a bird livin' that would dirty his bill with ye, ef ye war dead forty times."

The Wolf gave the signal, and was slowly drawn up. The Indians then went to the plain below, where, in full view of the trapper, they executed their war-dance, and exited savagely for the space of an hour, at the end of which time they mounted their horses and rode away.

The trapper was alone. He watched them as they gradually disappeared in the gathering gloom, and then looked at his narrow prison. What a place to meet death in! What a fearful death, to die of starvation and thirst! But the trapper had no weak spot in his nature and was not likely to give way to despair.

As soon as the Indians were fairly gone, he began trying to free himself. In vain he struggled and writhed; the ligatures were too securely fastened. Pausing, at last, from sheer exhaustion, he looked about for means to accomplish his purpose. His hands were tied behind him, so that the knife in his belt was wholly useless. As he speculated, his eye chanced to rest on a single slender edge of rock, projecting from the wall. To this he speedily wriggled himself, and though, from the extreme narrowness of the ledge, he was in danger of falling, he placed his hands against it and drew the bonds back and forth across it, until they snapped asunder. It required a great length of time to accomplish this, but Wild Nathan had no lack of patience, and he persevered. His hands once free, it was only a moment's work to cut the other bonds, and in a short time he stood upon the ledge free, at least to move as far as its narrow limits would permit.

But that availed him little, comparatively. In that vast wilderness there was scarcely a possibility of human aid, and he was powerless to help himself.

The narrow ledge was likely to prove his sepulcher.

CHAPTER II.

A WILD CHASE.

THE sun was just visible above the burnished peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and its slanting rays rested like a halo on the tops of the trees forming a pleasant grove near the Sweetwater river.

The river, meandering along between its verdant banks, shone and sparkled like burnished silver, and rippled and chattered to itself, as if it felt the exhilarating influence of the quiet breeze and pleasant scene.

In the edge of the grove above mentioned, an emigrant-train was preparing its night-camp. The scene was a merry and exciting one. Children ran laughing and shouting in every direction; groups of women chatted in cheerful voices around fires, or strolled in couples under the trees; men, in knots of two or three, laughed, jested, and told "yarns;" here a boy was training a dog, and yonder a woman perched on a wagon-tongue, with arms akimbo, and laughing, eager face, surrounded with young girls, whose sudden bursts of shrill mirth woke the slumbering echoes of the grove and river.

A little apart from the busy scene stood two men, whom we wish more particularly to introduce to the reader.

The first was an intelligent, manly-looking fellow of about twenty-three years. His cap covered a profusion of brown hair, bristled carelessly back from his forehead, a slight mustache covered his upper lip, and half-shaded his firm, frank mouth.

For the past few minutes, he had been intently watching a small moving speck away to the west, and now, turning his fine gray eyes upon his companion, he called his attention to the same.

The man turned about, and drawing his form to its full height, took a sweeping view of the valley. As he stood thus, he presented a splendid picture of a free trapper.

Medium-sized, with square shoulders, straight as a young pine and as lithe, he was evidently a full match for any one. His fringed frock of untanned buck-skin was belted tightly about his



city and rage, which was intensified by the cool, mocking smile with which the prisoner regarded him.

"What yer goin' ter do with me?" asked Wild Nathan, as he saw them preparing to move.

"Long-knife will see. He shall die," was the reply.

He was placed on a horse, his hands tied behind him, his feet lashed together, and surrounded by his captors on every side. The Indians then began moving away to the west.

"Blast it all," growled the trapper to himself. "this is a party fix tew be in. I'd like tew know how in thunder they got so clus 'thout my seein' 'em. I know they wasn't—hello! that explains it!"

The incensed trapper gazed about in bewilderment. Directly on the left was a narrow, swallow-like hollow, which was completely concealed by the tall grass of the plain, until directly upon it.

"Thar's whar ye skulked, is it, ole leather-chops?" he exclaimed. "Thought ye's smart, didn't yer? I'd like tew snatch ye all bald-headed."

"How in thunder did it happen that I never see that place afore?" he continued to himself. "I sw'ar, I thought I'd tramped over every inch of plain about here. No use in growlin'; but if

"Kalkerate tew set me up thar, eh?" he inquired, in so cool a tone that the chief stared. "Be a splendid place tew take a look at the country. Guess I'll make a map on't while I'm thar."

"Long-knife sneers," said the Indian. "He will soon see that the Wolf speaks truth."

"How ye goin' tew h'ist me up thar?" queried Wild Nathan.

"The Wolf has means," replied the chief, walking away.

The chiefs now gathered together and held a short council. At its close, the trapper was taken from his horse and placed upon the ground, where he was tied in such a manner as enabled him to stand upright. He was then taken by several Indians and half-dragged, half-driven, up the mountain to the brow of the cliff.

Here, amidst the uproarious and triumphant shouts of his captors, a stout rope of buffalo-hide was produced, and preparations made for lowering the prisoner to the ledge.

Wild Nathan looked on with grim stoicism. Well he knew the uselessness of expecting mercy at their hands. For years he had been a scourge among them, and though several times a prisoner, he had always managed to make his escape. His hatred of the Indians was intense; his vengeance unfailing.

wrist, in which stuck a buckhorn-handled knife, and a small, handsomely-finished tomahawk. A powder-horn and a six-shooter hung at his side, and he carried a long rifle, that had evidently seen considerable service.

After a moment's keen scrutiny, he turned to the young man, with a broad grin illuminating his rough features, and said:

"That's a small herd of buffler. They're comin' this way, an' we'll have a few shots at 'em. Not much time tew be lost, either. Let's tew horse!"

The word spread through camp like wildfire, and long before the stampeded herd came near, the men were mounted and ready for them. Hearing the unusual noise throughout the camp, a couple of girls came hurriedly from the edge of the grove, where they had been strolling around, with faces full of alarm and apprehension.

The tallest one, a pretty, slender maid, with dark eyes and floating black curls, whose name was Marion Verne, ran up to the old trapper before mentioned, and exclaimed:

"What is the matter, Vic? Have the Indians come?"

"Nary an Injun," replied Vic Potter, springing into his saddle; "only a herd of buffler. We're goin' to have a few shots at 'em. Ready, Kent?"

The young man replied in the affirmative, and as the herd was yet some distance off, he walked his horse to the trapper's side, and stood talking with him and Marion Verne.

The herd came on grandly. It numbered only three or four hundred, and was passing to the right of the camp, at the distance of half a mile. As the first of the herd came opposite, Vic Potter gave the signal, and the half-dozen mounted men dashed toward them.

There was no evidence in the herd that they were seen or noticed until they were very close, when some agitation in the outskirts, and running to and fro, showed they were discovered.

The hunters rode steadily abreast until within about twenty-five yards of the herd, when they separated and broke into it.

Vic Potter selected a large cow, and brought her down at the first shot. Leaving her, he dashed after an old bull, which showed symptoms of fight, and charged his horse several times. He succeeded, after considerable trouble and several shots, in bringing him to the ground.

Meantime, the herd had passed on, leaving an immense cloud of dust, and the hunters were preparing to cut up such of the game as they desired. Vic Potter tied his horse to the horns of the cow he had secured, and then looked around for his companions. All were near except Wayne Kent. The trapper raised himself and gazed earnestly down the valley.

Far away toward the south-east he descried a small moving object. One whose eyes were less keen would never have seen it. The trapper shook his head at the sight.

"The boy's chasin' a buffler, an' he's lettin' his excitement run away with his reason. Don't he see that the sun is down, an' he's plump tew miles from camp, an' goin' like mad? He's a new hand on the plains, an' don't know nothin' about Injun ways. Like as not, they'll gobble him up."

Muttering away, the hunter continued to watch the fast-receding figure, until distance, and the fast-gathering dusk, hid it from view.

Then, after securing the choicest portions of the cow, he returned with the others to camp.

"Where is Kent?" was the question that greeted them on their arrival.

"He's off chasin' a buffler, an' I'm thinkin' he'll git inter trouble, tew," replied Potter, throwing down his load. It was now dark, and considerable anxiety was felt for the young man. Among the ones most interested was Marion Verne, though she said nothing, and was, to all appearances, indifferent as to whether Wayne Kent was there or in Nova Zembla. Such is the hypocrisy of the fair!

Meanwhile, the dashing young hunter was getting into trouble.

He had singled out a huge bull, on entering the chase, and fired several shots at him. But the animal seemed possessed of a charmed life, and led him a wild chase.

Excited by the sport, and eager to bring the noble animal down, he followed him until the rapidly-gathering darkness warned him to stop. Relinquishing his pursuit with reluctance, he pulled up his horse, and stopped to look about him.

To his dismay, he found himself completely out of sight of camp, and as the sun was down, he was without a guide. He did not stop to consider long, as it was already so dark that objects were distinguishable only at a short distance, but headed his horse in the direction he supposed the camp to be, and pushed forward rapidly.

The night proved to be a dark, cloudy one, so that he was without the stars for a guide, and utterly at a loss. He wandered about, searching vainly for the welcome light of the emigrant camp-fires, until nearly morning, when, wearied with the unavailing search, he threw himself on the ground, and securing his horse to a tree near, soon fell asleep.

He had slept about an hour, he judged, when he was awakened suddenly, in that strange way that probably every one has experienced at some period during his life, namely, that of feeling as if there was some one present, though he heard nothing. Listening attentively, he soon heard the low whinny of his horse. Raising himself to a sitting posture, he listened again, and soon it was repeated, this time lower than before. Rising silently, he went to the horse, and putting his hand on his neck, whispered:

"What is the matter, Bayard? Danger?"

The animal replied with an inaudible whinny, then erected his head, and appeared to be listening intently. Following his example, the young man soon heard the sound of voices at some little distance off, and, after assuring himself that they were coming no closer, he whispered to the horse to "be quiet," and glided away in the darkness.

Proceeding noiselessly, and following the sound, he soon saw a sight that made him start. Gathered around a smoldering fire, that flickered

faintly on their painted faces, were some twenty-five Indians!

Our hero only waited a moment to count their number, and then left the vicinity as noiselessly as he had come. Proceeding at once to his horse, he untied and mounted him, and was soon once more on the move. He did not know which way he was going, only that it was away from his unpleasant neighbors, who, fortunately for him, had not suspected his presence.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

"BLARST that durst painted hides! I wish they'd shot an' skinned me, 'fore they left me in such a trap as this. Been here tew nights an' one day, an' am like tew be here, an' make this my last restin'-place. I war a fool for ever fallin' into that clutches!"

It was now the morning of the second day of Wild Nathan's enforced rest, and he paced restlessly up and down the narrow limits of his prison, or paused to gaze over the valley below. Frequently a bird skimmed beneath him, or wheeled close to his niche, and then away, as free as the air.

"Ef I only had you," he muttered, watching one of those fleet-winged creatures skimming airily beneath him, "I b'lieve I could eat you, feathers an' all! Blarst the reds, anyhow! S'pose they thought if they left me my wepons, it would aggravate me, seein' I couldn't use 'em. Wish they'd left me some ammunition. It wouldn't done me any good, though; if I shot forty birds, I couldn't git 'em."

The pleasant June day wore on. Below in the valley the birds flitted from tree to tree, and squirrels ran chattering over the fallen trunks, or chased each other up and down the cottonwoods, and once a herd of buffalo went tearing down the further corner of the valley, and disappeared behind the woods beyond.

Still scorched by the sun, and pierced with the pangs of hunger, the trapper paced up and down his narrow beat, occasionally pausing and talking to himself. So the time passed until noon, and the tired hunter gave a glance at the sun, muttering:

"Noon again. I've a notion to jump down. But I might as well die here, as tew die jumpin' off, an' die I shall, for all I see. Cuss 'em, anyhow! If ever I git out, I'll make 'em wish they'd killed me on the spot. But that's no use talkin' bout gittin' out. Way off in this wilderness, folks ain't comin' 'long every day, an' I'm disheveled, that's sartin. I never s'posed I war goin' tew die like a rat in a trap, an'—waugh!"

The trapper paused abruptly, and strained his eyes to see some object afar in the distance, that had attracted his attention. After watching it a moment, he muttered:

"It's somebody, that's a fact. Like as not, an' Injun."

He continued watching him eagerly for a few minutes longer, and then ejaculated:

"Beavers! it's a white man! Whoop! If he war only comin' this way, or rather, if he war only comin' here, for he's got his nose p'nted in this direction; but it's noways likely he'll come near 'nough for me tew holler tew him. If my gun war only loaded!"

He stood in silence, watching the approaching object—which was now plainly visible as a man on horseback—for some time, and then a shadow crossed his face, as the rider turned his horse in an opposite direction.

"Hel-lo-o!" shouted the trapper. "Tain't likely he can hear so fur off, but I'll try, anyhow. Hel-lo-o!"

The equestrian passed on without seeming to hear.

(To be Continued.)

Among the Mermaids.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

"MAY God have mercy on us!"

I lay at full length upon the bottom-boards of a small-boat, that was tossing upon the undulating bosom of an eastern sea, and had just sufficient consciousness to hear the words uttered, in heartrending accents of despair, from lips that seemed fashioned but to pray.

I struggled hard to shake off the Lethane stupor that enchain'd me, and when recollection dawned upon me, I fully realized the awfulness of my position.

But a few hours previous, the good ship *Evangeline* had been gliding proudly across the Indian ocean, homeward bound, and now her timbers lay scattered upon the deep, dark waters, far as the eye could reach, and of all those whose home she had been, but three remained—two fragile women and my maimed self.

The *Evangeline*, a fine, full-rigged American ship, of twelve hundred tons register, aboard of which I held the post of second officer, had sailed from Foochow, in China, with a cargo of teas for New York, and had made a rapid and successful passage to the straits of Sunda; but, on the second night subsequent to passing through them, she caught fire, and, despite all the efforts of her crew, was totally destroyed. When Captain Hutchings, her brave commander, had found it was futile attempting to save the vessel, he gave orders to prepare the boats, and had himself lowered the dingy, with our two female passengers, from the stern davits, while the hands were busy getting the long-boat off the chocks. The little boat was only capable of holding four persons, and the captain had not thought it necessary to reduce our strength by sending any men in her; for, as the vessel had no headway, and the sea was smooth, he knew we could pick her up at our leisure, when the other boats were lowered. But, though "man proposes, God disposes;" before the long-boat could be hoisted overboard, the flames caught the magazine, where the kegs of gunpowder were stored; a mighty explosion took place, and ere the rumbling vibration ceased, thirty strong men had yielded life, and the charred, blackened hull of

the noble vessel had sunk to the coral depths beneath the seething waves.

How I escaped, I can scarcely tell. I remember plunging overboard, as a column of flame incarnadined the sky, toward which it soared. I have a confused recollection of clinging to a floating spar, and then all was chaos, until I revived to hear the words recorded above break from the lips of a fair girl, seated in the stern-sheets of the little boat in which I lay.

Mrs. Henry Colvin was the wife of an American merchant in Foochow. On account of failing health, she had taken passage, with her daughter, aboard the *Evangeline*, thinking that the long sea-voyage would restore her, and the salubrious effects of sea-air had already become apparent, for she was much improved. Agnes, her only child, was a graceful girl, about eighteen years old. She had light-blue eyes, that flashed beneath their yellow lashes like sapphires set in gold; her teeth gleamed like pearls in a coral case, and long, wavy, amber-colored ringlets hung over her shapely shoulders, down to her taper waist.

When Miss Colvin perceived that I was regaining consciousness, she left her seat, and dipping her handkerchief in the sea, laved my fevered brow.

"Do none of the others survive?" I asked, as soon as I could articulate. "They are all at peace; would we were, also, for our will be a lingering death," murmured Mrs. Colvin. "Do not say so, mamma; the God who has shielded us heretofore will not desert us in our hour of need," said Agnes, reverently. Bruised and burnt as I was, her words gave me new courage and strength. I felt a sacred charge had been delivered into my keeping, and I resolved to do my utmost to protect it.

"Bear up and be hopeful, ladies; we are not very far from land, though I fear it is but a desolate spot. By the position of the vessel yesterday, we must be near Christmas Island, and, if we reach it, we shall at all events find fruit and water to relieve our immediate necessities," I said. The day-star soared high in the heavens, but soon paled in the flood of scarlet and gold that suffused the eastern sky, as the sun rose above the horizon, and leveled his slant rays of glory across the smiling sea, revealing to our gaze a welcome sight—land on our starboard bow!

We had two oars, but no mast or sail; and indeed the latter would have been useless, for no breath of wind ruffled the placid surface of the sea. I endeavored to lash the thwart-pins on one side of the boat to the gunwale, so that I could pull both oars; but in this I could not succeed. Miss Colvin noticed my dilemma, and came to my rescue.

"I can row quite well, having often pulled a boat up the Hudson, in happy days gone by; so you must let me help you. In your weak state you would not be able to row far, and it would be quite unfair that you should do all the work, and I, who am well and strong, be idle," Mr. Carter," she said, as she took a seat upon the after-thwart, and slipped an oar with skill that bespoke her no tyro in aquatics. It was terribly fatiguing work, toiling at the oars under the piercing rays of the tropical sun, but we stuck steadily to our task.

Ere the sun had reached its zenith, we were in close proximity to the island, which presented a most beautiful appearance, as it was covered with bright verdure down to the silvery strip of beach upon which we had no difficulty in effecting a landing. We had been suffering intense agony from thirst, all day, and our first object was to find water. We had not proceeded far in search of it, however, before we heard a confused chattering overhead, and I saw that several large monkeys were hidden among the broad, fan-like leaves which surmounted the tall stem of a cocoa-palm (*Cocos nucifera*). Picking up a few pebbles, I threw them at the grinning apes, who soon returned fire with a shower of fruit, and in a few moments we three poor, homeless, shipwrecked creatures were satiating our burning thirst with delicious fluid, that seemed to us more grateful than nectar. Then I climbed a plantain-tree (*Musa paradisiaca*), and procured several huge bunches of the fruit, upon which we feasted heartily.

By the luxuriance of the fecund vegetation which covered the island, I knew we were in no immediate danger of starvation; for fruit abounded; but, though I did not dare communicate my fears to the ladies, I was in momentary dread of attack by wild animals, of which I saw, by the footprints on the beach, there were multifarious species. At last I determined upon a course of procedure. I persuaded, without much difficulty—for they readily acquiesced in every thing I proposed—my companions to reembark and lay off from the beach, while I proceeded to an eminence, about half a mile distant, whence I knew I could obtain a bird's-eye view of the whole island, for I wished, above all things, to ascertain if any inhabitants existed. A horrible dread was in my mind: if there were natives, I knew they would probably be savages, and I trembled for the dear women who had shared my past peril, if, by luckless chance, we fell into their hands.

After pressing my way, with much difficulty, through tangled masses of undergrowth, I at length gained the summit of the hill; but I had to climb a lofty papaw-tree (*Carica papaya*), ere I could obtain a glimpse of the surrounding country. Through the palmate leaves, I gazed intently in every direction inland, but could detect no signs of habitations, though that did not lift the burden from my mind, for there might be plenty hidden from my sight by the leafy canopy which covered the whole island. Just as I was preparing to descend, I turned my eyes in the direction of the boat, and my horror may be imagined when I saw dozens of dark forms swimming round it, and I instinctively felt the poor women were captured.

Cursing my stupidity in having left them unprotected, I lowered myself swiftly from the tree, and, heading but little the briers that lacerated my flesh and tore my habiliments, I rushed through the brushwood down to the beach. During my headlong course, I fell often, and each moment I lost in regaining my feet served

to increase my anguish; for I fully expected that by the time I came in sight of the boat again, its occupants would be missing. I felt to the full extent how dear Agnes had grown to me; if I had been slain defending her, death would have been sweet; but my agony was rendered all the more acute by the knowledge that I still lived, while she was, perhaps, already dead—or worse.

At last I gained the beach.

To my astonishment, I saw Miss Colvin standing in the stern-sheets of the boat, using an oar as a scull, apparently unapprehensive of any danger, though the dark figures I had before noticed were still swimming around it. Uttering a hoarse, wild cry, I sprung into the water, and struck out for the boat. Simultaneously, the dusky swarm of beings dived, exhibiting large, fish-like tails, as they disappeared beneath the jazel flood.

"Great God! do I dream, or is this some enchanted isle?" I involuntarily cried, as Agnes, with a merry smile upon her features, propelled the dingy toward me.

"We are among the mermaids," she cried hysterically. "But climb aboard quickly, for there is a vessel out yonder, and she has noticed signals I made her."

I turned my eyes seaward, in the direction she indicated, and about six miles distant I saw a small schooner standing slowly down toward us, her topsails just swelling before the lightest of zephyrs. I clambered aboard and grasped an oar, but ere I had pulled three strokes, the "mermaids," as Miss Colvin called them, came again to the surface and swam in our wake.

Then I recognized the cause of all my terror as being curious creatures of the deep, familiar to many who trade in the eastern seas. They were Dugongs (*Halicore dugong*), phytophagous cetaceans, that have heads shaped very much like a human being's, but covered with long hair, and, as they swim with their heads and shoulders out of water, at a little distance they can easily be mistaken for the dark-skinned natives of the Indian Archipelago.

The labor of rowing seemed lighter to us, now that we saw salvation near, and just as the shadows of night deepened, and Hesperus rose like a silver lamp in the sky, we were drawn in safety to the deck of a little coast-trader called the *Salvador*. From her captain and crew we experienced the greatest kindness on the passage to Batavia, to which port she was bound, and where we left her. A vessel on the berth for New York chanced to be in the harbor, and the American consul procured a passage on board for Mrs. Colvin and her daughter. I slipped before the mast in her, rather than be separated from Agnes, who, ere this, had frankly confessed she reciprocated my affection; and shortly after the *Katherina* arrived in New York, my love and I were united in the golden bonds of wedlock.

COLOR OF THE HAIR.

NATIONALITIES appear in the color of the hair, as in many other characteristics. Different nations show a distinct difference in their prevailing shades, though some may have, and of course do have, much in common. English, Irish and Germans have the same national hue—fair, or yellow—but there is a manifest difference in shade between them, also in the general habit of the hair; and the Scot, so like, is yet unlike, all three. Each nation has its tint and texture.

Among the Irish women, a chestnut seems to predominate. But among the Irish and English, in certain districts, we meet with fine specimens of blue-black hair, but quite different from the Spanish or Italian type. French hair is not so decided in its coloring as the English. It is black, very often, but not the somber black of the Spaniard, nor the rich brown-black of the Italian, and very often it is a dark-brown. Blonde hair is not so uncommon among the French as those who have not seen them at home may imagine. But the Italian blonde hair is the most beautiful of all. It has not the cold look of the light hair of the northern nations, for the sun has bronzed its fairness, and there is a warm tinge in its sunny ripples.

The hair of the Capri peasant woman is among the finest in the world. It is dark, lustrous and heavy, massively rippled in thick furrows over low, classic brows, the exact reality of what we see in antique Grecian and Roman statues. They wear it plaited in two long plaits, which hang half-way to their heels when let down. They generally wear the plaits coiled up and shot through with a long, carved silver bodkin. The bodkin, about as large as a small dagger, terminates at the hilt in an open hand, if the wearer be unmarried; and if a married woman, you may know it by the hand being closed.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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(Continued from eighth page.)
would founder, stood looking at each other piteously. There lay the ship still wallowing, when the skipper, as the only way of saving her, resolved to cut away her masts.

The men flew to execute orders, the moment the sheets of water would permit them.

The shrouds were scarcely touched by the keen edges of the axes, when over went the three masts.

The crew having cleared away the wreck, the ship righted a little.

Still, however, it was soon discovered that there was no hope of saving the craft. The leak gained rapidly, and the dismasted hull settled lower every moment.

The captain therefore decided to take to the boats, and gave his orders for them to be carefully lowered.

My mother, brothers, sister and cousin now came on deck, trembling. With difficulty the long-boat and yawl were kept from swamping alongside in such a gale.

"Cheer up," said the captain, "we are near land!"

By certain signs, he knew this to be a fact; wherefore it was with grateful hearts that the crew now betook themselves to the boats.

The children and women were helped, with great difficulty, into these boats.

I had devoted myself to the task of helping into the yawl the captain, who had not yet recovered from his injuries. He and I were now the only occupants of the deck, and it was with difficulty I could persuade him to go first.

Finally, I got him into the boat; at the same moment a great sea came along, twitching the warps so that they parted, the boats receding, and leaving me alone aboard the wreck!

The crew endeavored to pull back, while I at once prepared for action.

By means of a rope, fast to the stump of the mainmast, I swung myself over the rail.

I saw the captain waving his hand to me; I saw my mother gazing wistfully at me; I saw my sister Ellen hiding her face in her hands, my cousin Polly holding out her arms!

Waiting till the hull rolled, I swung myself clear, and made a desperate leap.

Down, down, I seemed to go, to the depth of many fathoms; then I nearly lost all sense.

I suppose I struck out mechanically, for, in a few minutes, I came to the surface and gazed wildly around.

I was to windward of the ship, which had passed over me.

Dashed against the hull, I clambered on deck, but I could see no boat, which, unable to reach the wreck, had probably been carried into the black rock and fog beyond.

I became insensible.

When I recovered, the old hull was almost on her beam-ends, and fast aground!

It was dark, so that I could see nothing. I crawled into the cabin, however, where I found some rum and a biscuit, which revived me.

At dawn I saw the land, and discovered that the wreck lay on the beach, with her keel driven deep into the sand, which was continually washed by heavy seas. The seas, meanwhile, were rolling fearfully, and I heard the cracking of the timbers, as some of them began to part.

There was no time to lose.

Seizing a displaced spar—the maintop gallant-yard, lying on the deck, to which it had been pulled by the straining lift, when the mast went over—I secured myself to it, as well as I could, with some detached pieces of rigging, and then, holding to it, threw myself overboard. I had expected to be washed on the higher land, by the seas, so that I could make my way out of their reach, but I was doomed to disappointment.

I was whirled by the current around the point on which the ship was cast, into a broad bay, several miles in extent, so that, faint as I was, I almost despaired of reaching the distant shore of the island, toward which I was now being carried by wind and wave. At last, however, I gained the far-away beach, crawling upon which, I could scarcely see the wreck in the dim distance. I drew myself up beyond the reach of the waves, and looked around me, to see nothing save a desolate wilderness, rude basaltic rocks, and sandy hills, covered with scrubby palmetto, the stalks of which were so prickly, there was no walking among some of them.

Picking up an empty oyster-shell, I looked in vain for fresh water.

Then I sat down, hopeless, to see nothing cheering or pleasant.

I believed myself to be on an arid, sandy reef, without water or food; my whole *worldly wealth* a clasp-knife and an oyster-shell.

only the Black sea but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over, and the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 1822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, etc., were frozen so hard as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen, the crops entirely failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cresona to the sea; the wine-sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with an immense noise. In 1287 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. In 1317 the crops wholly failed in Germany; and wheat, which some years before sold in England for six shillings the quarter, rose to two pounds. In 1368 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. The successive winters of 1422-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1683 it was excessively cold, most of the hollies were killed, and coaches drove across the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred what was long called "the cold winter," when the frost penetrated three yards into the earth. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1801 and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

Jack Horner.—Little Jack Horner must be accepted as one of the real heroes of the Christmas season. Although his name has been familiarized through the medium of a nursery song, yet, as in so many other singular jingles, there was a meaning in the apparent nonsense. For Jack Horner was a real person, although there are two or three versions of his story. One version is that the abbot of Glastonbury had offended Henry VIII., by building his kitchen so substantially that the destroyers of the monasteries were unable to throw it down. In a rage, the king sent for the abbot, who, hoping to appease the monarch, sent to him his steward, John Horner, with a wondrous pie, the interior of which was composed of the title-deeds of twelve manors. But as John Horner sat in the corner of the wagon that carried him to the king, he was induced by curiosity to lift up the crust, and to abstract a title-deed from the dish, which dead, on his safe and successful return home, he showed to the abbot, and told him that he had been given it by the king for a reward. The deed proved to be that for the manor of Wells. The second version of the story changes the scene to Wells, and the steward to Colonel Horner; and it makes the king to hang the abbot. The third version changes Wells to Melis, and the colonel to a country lad; but in all three versions of the story the leading incident is preserved, and also the name of the hero.

Power of the Sea.—A most striking illustration of the strength and power of the sea is exhibited on the island of Jamestown, R. I. Some years ago a vessel with a cargo of granite went ashore on the rocks on the east side of this island and went to pieces. Of her cargo one block, computed to weigh about seven tons, was deposited on a rock on which there is not above two feet of water at high tide. The action of the waves has moved this block of granite at four different times, inboard, lifting it over rocks, until it is now one hundred feet distant from the place where it was originally deposited.

Chinese Customs.—The children of the Flower Kingdom expend vast sums in wedding ceremonies. The most costly presents are showered upon the brides and bridegrooms, and days and days are devoted to feast-making and revelry. The bridal chambers are ornamented and decorated regardless of cost. When every thing is in readiness, the bride, who previously has had her eyebrows pulled out, that she may forever afterward be distinguished from the virgins, is borne in a highly-ornamented bridal-car to the home of her future husband, where the marriage ceremony is performed by any number of priests and assistants. The bulk of the expenses thus incurred falls upon the bridegroom, who, therefore, not unfrequently finds himself in bonds not alone matrimonial.

Cold and Longevity.—A cold climate seems to be favorable to long life. According to a Russian journal, the deaths during 1838 at Irkutsk, Siberia, included six persons over one hundred and ten years of age. Two had reached their one hundred and twenty-sixth year, and one died at the age of one hundred and thirty-one. Three others were more than a century old.

Doctors' Canes.—It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold, pierced with holes like a pepper-box. The top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

Animal Instinct.—A blind horse wandered into White River at Indianapolis, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle, trying to find his way out. His distress attracted another horse not far away on the bank, who first went to the water's edge and tried to direct the blind horse by neighing. Falling in this he took to the water, and swam out to his relief, and after swimming around him for nearly a quarter of an hour, he finally got the blind horse to understand in what direction the land lay, and the two horses came to shore side by side, amid the cheers of up and of one hundred persons, who had become spectators.

Whirlpool on Norway.—The maelstrom on the coast of Norway, whatever may be said to the contrary, is an actual existence, and is often dangerous. Vast whirls are formed by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Morken, quiet at high and low tides, but most violent midway between. Small vessels are not safe near it at the time of its strongest action, even though the weather be clear and serene; and though large vessels may then pass it in safety, yet in stormy weather it is extremely dangerous even for them, for at such times gales from the sea and the land breezes sometimes force two mighty opposing currents into collision. The whirls do not swallow up a vessel, but toss it about till it fills, or is dashed upon the shoals, a wreck.

A Sardine Fishery.—The Paris correspondent of the *London Field* thus describes the manner of catching sardines: "The nets, which are of the lightest possible material, are played out in a long line behind the boat, which drags the entire fleet of nets after it steadily. A man stands in the stern and throws across and across the net handfuls of prepared coo-roo, commonly called 'rogue.' As it falls on either side of the net the fish dart through the net to catch it, and are caught by the gills in doing so. The long, sunk trammel, I have mentioned, would require ten or a dozen men to haul it in, but

as it is worked on board the steamboats, chiefly, it is wound in by the engine. Besides the above nets, they use the large seine, or sean, and the ground-sean, the mullet-net and the shrimp-net, and there are some lift-nets I could not get at. At times a prodigious number of gray mullets are got by putting a long net across the mouth of a creek at low water, and weighing down the corks with large stones. When the tide has come up to its full height the ends of the net are shaken violently, the stones top off, and every fish which has entered the creek with the tide is inclosed, without any disturbance or alarm. A gentleman I met told me that he had been out on the day I saw him, and taken three or four thousand pounds of mullet in that way, a large shoal having entered the creek, the whole of which were captured. Some species of the gray mullet will, however, when thus inclosed, leap over the corks, and when this is apprehended it is requisite to prop the net up above the surface."

Star Beams.

Jessie Benton Fremont, as she appeared at dinner at the Arlington, Washington, the other day, is described as a large, fat blonde, with a sharp, up-pointed nose, a good complexion, a bright eye, lighted up partly with humor and partly with intentional high spirits.

A tricky politician, who was noted for never doing anything without a sinister purpose, having died, the clergyman who preached his funeral sermon said that it would have been a great consolation to the friends of the deceased if they could have ascertained his *motive* in thus suddenly leaving them.

The Hindustan, on her recent arrival at Calcutta, from Hong Kong, had no less than ten American passengers on board, engaged in making the "grand tour of the world."

Gen. Sherman's daughter was asked to dance with Prince Arthur at the Washington ball in his behalf, but on consulting her card excused herself as engaged for the set he named.

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages.

At a stable near St. Louis there is a young pony colt, of the Shetland breed, three weeks old, and weighing only sixteen and half pounds. The Lilliputian animal is only twenty inches in height, and jumps through a fence like a cat.

The room in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, in Philadelphia, is now used as a lottery policy shop.

Mrs. General Gaines is described as looking as bright and young as a woman of forty. Her eyes are clear, her complexion fresh, and her step elastic. Having, after toiling some years, recovered a vast estate, she announces that the bulk of it shall be expended in charities.

A surgeon of Paris lately showed to one of his friends one of his instruments, the handle of which was carved in bone. "Do you know," he asked, "of what this handle is made?" "Of ivory, I suppose." "No," said the doctor, while tears almost choked his voice, "it is the thigh-bone of my poor aunt."

A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea-table. "Well, let us think the best of her we can," said an elderly gossip. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst."

Important ancient discoveries have been made at Mareuil, France. The remains of some two hundred and thirty Gaul warriors were found, with quite an arsenal of lances, javelins and axes, besides buckles, ear-rings bearing traces of enamel, and also glass and copper bowls. The greatest curiosity consisted in a quantity of hair-pins.

The Esquimaux say: "A man who has three wives is sure of heaven." He should be, for he will have enough of the other place here below.

A western captain, importuned by a life insurance solicitor, settled matters by remarking: "Look here, my friend, I never bet on any game where I've got to die to beat."

A bar of iron one inch in diameter will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons, a bar of steel fifty tons; and, according to computation, based upon the fact that a fiber only 1-4000th of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains, a bar of spider's silk an inch in diameter would support a weight of seventy-four tons.

The last and sweetest thing in fashion is the "Alexandra Limp." Shoemakers in London now offer their fair customers the choice of boots with equally high heels for each foot, or the far more charming variety of a high heel for one foot and a low heel for the other, causing the wearer to halt in a way supposed to be imitative of royalty.

The other day they lynched a man in Iowa for murdering one Johnson. Johnson turned up afterward, but it was too late for the other fellow to turn up again too. Clearly the lynch-pin was out of the wheel of the car of Justice.

The Syracuse *Journal* says: "A new sensation in social recreations is what is termed pillow-case and sheet masquerades. Ladies and gentlemen envelope themselves so that, by reason of the sameness of apparel, one person can not be distinguished from another. Several of these parties have recently been held in Syracuse, and have afforded great amusement to the participants."

A young lawyer who had long paid his court to a lady without advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the "power of love." "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the 'power of attorney.'" "Forgive me," replied the suitor; "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are scoundrels."

Fanny Fern says: "If one-half the girls knew the previous lives of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." Whereupon the Boston *Post* asks: "If the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?"

The original model of a telegraphic battery filed by Prof. Morse, when he got his patent, has been unearthed from a lot of old rubbish in the cellar of the Patent Office, where it has been lying for years. The clumsiness of the signal-key, as compared with the one of the present day, is ridiculous. It is nearly two feet long, and has a large lump of lead at the end furthest from the hand, to throw the key up and break the circuit.

Alexis St. Martin, whose side was shot away in 1822, in such a manner as to expose the action of the digestive organs to the surgeon's eye, is still alive and well in Cavendish, Vt. Few men have done more for the advancement of science, and no one probably ever did so much involuntarily.

Wounds made by the teeth often prove poisonous. A man in Detroit struck another in the teeth on Christmas day, cutting his own knuckles thereby. The hand swelled and became very much inflamed, and since then the flesh has decayed from the wounded finger. The diseased bone has been scraped, but without effect, and the physicians think amputation will be necessary.

A New Song.

MY PRETTY LITTLE BLONDE.

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Of all the pretty little blondes,
That ever walked the stage,
There's one, I'll call her Nellie,
She's the beauty of the age;
She's petite in stature,
And as lively as a witch,
And her back is ornamented
With a golden swinging switch.

CHORUS.

The first time that I met her
She wore a swinging switch,
Did this beautiful, this charming,
This pretty little witch;
All down her lily shoulders
It hung with graceful ease,
Except when slightly fluttered by
The gentle summer breeze.

Her smile it is angelic,
And her manners are serene,
Her teeth, of pearly whiteness,
Are the prettiest I have seen;
Her voice at times is mellow,
Again it is pure and rich,
But the sweetest thing about her
Is that golden swinging switch. (CHO.)

She is no foreign import,
But a native of our soil,
Not in burlesque nor in ballet
Does the little beauty toil;
Her yellow tresses never were,
Like some, as dark as pitch,
But will always stand their color,
As will the swinging switch. (CHO.)

She skips before the footlights,
With an air of grace and ease,
She sings like a canary,
And is always sure to please;
Her admirers they are many,
They applaud the little witch,
And when she gets an encore,
Oh, don't she toss the switch! (CHO.)

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Cruiser Crusoe:
OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER ONE.

I INHERITED nautical instincts from my father, who, early in life, had been a sailor. After his marriage, he settled down as a farmer on a small patrimonial estate, not far from Yarmouth, on the east coast of England.

Our residence was in sight of a lonely kind of cove, which I shall call St. Margaret's Bay. In to this secluded spot fell the river which ran past our house.

As it had been understood that I was to become a tiller of the soil, my father did not object to my following my tastes for boats and the water. At twelve years I could reef, steer, furl, etc., on board a small vessel.

Like most boys, I loved the sea, and had I not known my mother's dislike of every thing connected with the water, I should have looked forward to the day when I could make long voyages, and see such strange lands as those I read of in my father's library. Still, I often sighed in secret for the wild, free life of a jolly sailor.

My fondness for the water, however, could not pass unnoticed, so that dear Ellen, my younger sister, my brothers, and Polly, my cousin, would often, in fun, call me the little mariner.

In our part of the world, we used to call what other persons term lakes or lochs, by the name of broads. Now, it was my delight to sail and swim in these vast expanses of water, in some instances many miles in extent. These were indeed happy and halcyon days to me.

I only wish that every boy, in after life, had such happy hours to look back to as those I then enjoyed.

An elder brother of my father's had emigrated to Virginia, and a friendly intercourse by letter was kept up between the two families.

James Challoner—such was the name of the uncle I speak of—had often wished my father to leave England and settle near him, or at least send me to him; for, although married, he had no children, and was very fond of young people.

A fondness for home and its comforts, however, with an intense dislike to part with me, made my father ever return evasive answers to all such invitations. He would often talk of visiting his brother, but somehow the cares of business, and a constantly-increasing family, had thus far prevented him.

My fondness for the water kept increasing, and finally led to the following adventure, which resulted in my being called by the name which heads this narrative.

Three miles up the river that passed before our door, and fell into St. Margaret's Bay, was one of those broads to which I have alluded.

It was about eight miles long, and about five miles in width. I had never failed to obtain a profusion of fish whenever I visited it, and so, one morning, I started early, in the hope of having a fine day's sport. A friend of mine, who was now absent, had a boat moored alongside the shore: a pretty vessel, built of light oak planks, and with a bow carved like a swan's head and neck. This vessel I had always been permitted to use, and so now, with a light heart, I put off in it.

It was eight o'clock—a splendid morning, although the sky was overcast and the air sultry. As I glided over the glassy pool, toward an island in the middle of the broad, I paused to examine, with interest, the white water-lily, its rose-like flower sitting on the surface, beside the yellow water-lily, both with oval leaves, so smooth and shiny that the water ran over them as if they were oiled. But I did not stop long, my mind being too absorbed in the idea of sport.

I had with me, besides my rod and line, a basket of provision, and a bottle of wine and water, so that I was well provided for the day.

When within a stone's throw of the island shore, I cast anchor and began to fish.

My endeavors were crowned with great success, and at about twelve, I adjourned toward the island with the double view of taking some refreshment, and of seeking shelter against a coming storm, which already began sighing through the trees, and moving the water into wavy ripples.

Fastening the boat to a bending willow, I landed.

Before I could reach the shelter of the copse ahead of me, however, a storm of wind and rain, such as I had never seen before, burst upon me. The rain came down in great sheets from the black and angry heavens, over which the clouds rushed in torn, ragged masses.

The storm was of short duration; ere half an hour the sky had cleared, the wind had fallen, the grass sparkled with myriad gems, and the feathered songsters of the woods poured forth their joy in varied notes. I now gallied forth, refreshed and happy.

I never thought nature had looked half so gloriously lovely. It was now one o'clock—time to think of returning home, especially as I had promised to take Polly and Ellen for a walk.

I shouldered my load, having collected all my fish in a basket, and made for the landing.

The boat was gone!

I rubbed my eyes in dismay as I saw the boat about half a mile off, slowly moving toward the river, which passed my father's house, and which ran through the lake.

Like a child, as I was, I sunk upon the grass in utter despair.

The broad was rarely frequented, especially at this season of the year, and to the best of my belief, it had no other boat within some miles.

I thought at first of swimming, but soon abandoned this idea, as the main land was two miles off, and I knew that my strength would not suffice for the task.

I had read of men cast away on desert islands, of those who had voluntarily selected such a life, but I had never imagined my being a prisoner on an acre of land in the midst of an English broad.

I thought of a raft, but I had nothing in my possession in the shape of tools.

Before night my provision was exhausted. I was hungry, but this did not prevent my crawling into a hut made of some branches.

Then, worn and weary, I fell into a sound sleep.

It was broad day when I awoke, to hear my father calling aloud:

"Alfred! Alfred! my dear boy! Where are you?"

The boat had been found at daybreak by some laborers, who at once went to my father's house, saying that they had seen me use it on the previous morning.

His delight at finding me may be imagined, as well as that of my mother and sisters, who, from that time, would insist on calling me "Cruiser Crusoe."

Time went on, my mind ever reverting to the wild pleasures of a life on the deep, blue sea.

Finally it seemed as if my hope would be nearly realized.

along with a force which soon damaged our rudder so that we could not steer.

Nor was this the worst of it; for the carpenter being sent to make an examination, soon came, reporting *four feet of water in the hold!* At this moment our brave and gallant skipper coming on deck, endeavored to encourage the crew, who were manfully exerting themselves at the pumps.

The clouds, meanwhile, gathered darker over the sky, while the wind increased in violence.

Gradually shifting, it blew with terrific force from the north and west. Still, we endeavored to keep up our spirits, although the shrieking of the wind and the pitch-darkness of the night filled our minds with direful forebodings.

Our sails, with the exception of a close-reefed maintop-sail and foretop-mast staysail, were all snugly stowed, yet such was the violence of the sea, that the ship rolled her lee-rail under, almost at every plunge.

Being, as it were, in spirit, one of the crew, I had taken my watch regularly with the rest, and so had my father, the other members of the family remaining below. As my father and I stood on the quarter-deck, we observed a little, round light, like a tremulous star, streaming along, and sparkling with a blaze, sometimes shooting from shroud to shroud, and appearing about to settle on the fore-rigging, just below the top.

For half the night it kept with us, frequently running along the fore-yard to the very end, and then returning; but toward morning, we lost sight of it.

The superstitions sailors form many presages concerning this fire, which, nevertheless, is common in all storms. Perhaps it is the same which the Genoese, in the Mediterranean, call Castor and Pollux. If only one light appeared without another, they considered it an omen of a great tempest.

The Italians, and others on the Adriatic, call it a sacred body; the Spaniards, St. Elmo Fire,

Taps from Beat Time.

[WE here introduce to readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL a humorist of rare merit. Never substituting contorted English nor half-hinted vulgarity for wit, BEAT TIME challenges admiration and compels a laugh by the power of what he says or suggests. His *Fun Faculty* is of that sort or quality which rendered Tom Hood so famous—always tempered with sympathy for the follies and weaknesses of human nature.

BEAT TIME will make his mark on the journalism of the day, and will win for himself and this paper (*for which he writes exclusively*) an enviable reputation. Our contemporaries of the press are at liberty to reprint from this column, by giving explicit credit to both author and SATURDAY JOURNAL.]

I HAD the toothache yesterday. That infernal little hollow tooth of mine held a bushel of ache. It ached clean down to the toe of my boot; it was a regular O K ache, too! My face swelled so much that my most familiar creditor didn't know me. You wouldn't have wanted very much of my jaw. Every time the tooth thumped, it lifted me clear off the chair. I really thought I should go crazy—you probably think my fare wouldn't have cost me much—I begged for a revolver to end my momentous moments.

I remembered of a quart-bottle of strichnine in the house. I got it and drank it all; didn't even take the cork out—I sucked it in—and prepared to die. But suddenly I discovered the label "Old Rye" on it. The label played the mischief with my intentions. If it hadn't been for that label!

I laid down on the floor, rolled over, and immediately got up. A good many people who are depending on me—for various sums—hearing of my danger—or their danger—came in to tell me what they didn't know was good for the toothache, but begged me to do something, as they were sure I was not quite prepared to go yet.

The ladies sympathized with me. One said she had not had the toothache for many years; but she hadn't a tooth in her head. One old maid declared she had it in her two front teeth very badly only the day before; but I know, privately, that all her teeth are false. All the while my tooth, with the spirit of a hundred aches, was beating time to the music of Fisher's Hornpipe. I snatched the tongs and ran up-stairs and worked for fifteen minutes to pull the infernal tooth, but it wouldn't budge an inch.

I had a notion to go to the dentist, but then I got afraid that he might pull it. It means business to go there. But I started three or four times, hoping it would stop aching before I got to our gate—which it didn't. Finally I crammed my hat over my eyes, took my face in both hands, and started. I was crazier than I ever was in my life, and that is saying a good deal. I met a fellow I owed and paid him five dollars—I was so out of my head.

I neared the dentist's door.

I served myself up—so did the tooth—and then, with a heroism worthy of a better cause—went past, and round home again. I thought of that young lady who had mistaken me for a single man, and then went back to the dentist's room.

Shut my eyes and went in.

I asked him what he'd give me to let him pull the tooth. He said, laughing-gas. I told him it was no laughing matter, and I didn't want any of his gas.

He told me to sit down and enjoy myself, and he'd pull it anyhow. I begged him to pull easy on it. He got the forceps on it; then I asked him what he'd take to let me off without pulling the tooth. He told me to hold on. I held on his arm. A second I and I thought my head had been a bombshell, and had busted. I asked the dentist if my backbone had come up with it, and felt of my face to see if it was all there.

But the tooth was well out.

It was the first time in his life he had ever made the mistake of pulling the right tooth the first trial. Yes, there on the table lay my little tooth—still aching like thunder! It was true to its instincts. When the dentist asked me for his pay, and I told him to charge it, I was sure I had got in my right mind again.

My face has gone down again, but I flatter myself I have still enough left to do business on.

I HAVE lost a ratan terrier. The loss was not so heavy—only ten pounds.

I got measured for him six months ago. He was put up expressly for family use. If any one finds him or part of him, in his market-basket when he comes from market, I will give ten dollars for the return of him, or parts of him to me. I mean I will give my note—my note is considered as good as my word, in this vicinity.

My little daughter asks me if it is day after tomorrow yet.

The other day she said "Pa, why don't you get all your whiskers shaved off, like ma's?"

She was standing out on the fence, and I called ed to her to come in. Said she: "I'll come in two little bits."

She is a very pre-cautious child.

SOME men never drink in the morning—they never have any thing left over.

WANTED—Correspondence with any number of young ladies. Reverence required—looks exchanged.

Yours on the march, BEAT TIME.



and have an authentic and miraculous legend concerning it.

Could it now have enabled us to take an observation with our quadrants, we should have considered it miraculous.

But we were like men hoodwinked, running hither and thither through the black storm, without any idea of our true locality.

All this time the leakage filling the hold prevented our getting at beef or fresh water, nor could any fire be lighted in the galley (the cook's house) to prepare any meat.

We were therefore obliged to put up with rain-water and hard biscuit.

As we all took our turn at the pumps, the lack of stimulating food affected us to a degree which made us very weak.

Still we kept the pumps going vigorously, for cease must result in the ship's going down.

In the morning, when I went below, I found my mother, brothers, sisters and Polly in prayer.

My uncle would cry, and reproach himself bitterly as being the cause of our misfortune. As for my father and myself, we had long since abandoned all idea of ever seeing land again, and only worked because we felt it to be our duty.

Once, such an immense sea broke over us that it covered the ship from stem to stern, as if with one vast sheet of water. The men at the helm were nearly washed overboard, while all the rest were obliged to hold on hard to ropes and belaying pins.

The crew, though half-dead with fatigue, exerted themselves manfully at the pumps.

The seas increased every minute. At one moment the ship was tossed to the very clouds, and the next, was carried far down into the watery valleys, with her lee-rail buried in the foaming, hissing waters.

Soon after, down she went again, this time burying herself in a trough of the sea, so that she was submerged nearly to her waist.

Clinging to whatever they could seize, the crew, expecting every moment that the vessel

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